

DELL

A MOVIE
CLASSIC

Still 10¢

NO. 1012

LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL



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A grim search for the killer of his pretty Cherokee wife takes Marshal Matt Morgan to Gun Hill.



Powerful Clay Belden rules the town . . . and Clay knows how to protect a son, even when he's guilty.



To clamp handcuffs on his prisoner, Matt has to face a town's fury, an outlaw's treachery and a father's hate.



At the showdown, a quick draw will decide whether a corpse or a live lawman takes "The Last Train From Gun Hill."

PARAMOUNT

Presents

In VistaVision

Motion Picture High-Fidelity

KIRK DOUGLAS
ANTHONY QUINN

Hal Wallis' Production

LAST TRAIN
FROM GUN HILL

Co-Starring

CAROLYN
JONES

EARL
HOLLIMAN

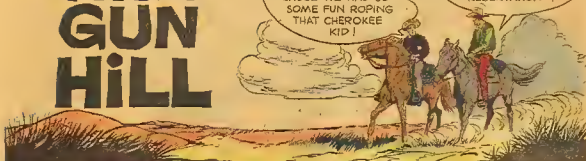
TECHNICOLOR™

Directed by **John Sturges**
Screenplay by **James Poe**
Story by **Les Crutchfield**
Music by **Dimitri Tiomkin**

LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL

SNEAKING INTJNS!
AMBUSHING US WITH RIFLES-
AND WARNING US OFF THE
RESERVATION--JUST BE-
CAUSE WE HAD US
SOME FUN ROPING
THAT CHEROKEE
KID!

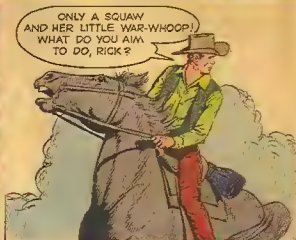
HE SURE GAVE
YOU A RUN BEFORE
YOU ROPED HIM, RICK!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
ON THE
RESERVATION--!



LEE, LOOK THERE!
WE'RE NOT ON THE
RESERVATION NOW--AND
THERE GOES AN INTJN
WAGON, HEADING
FOR PAWLEY!



ONLY A SQUAW
AND HER LITTLE WAR-WHOOP!
WHAT DO YOU AIM
TO DO, RICK?



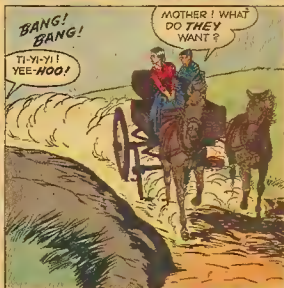
HAVE US SOME
FUN WITH THEM!
WE'LL SPOOK THE
TEAM! COME
ON, LEE!

YEE-
HOO!

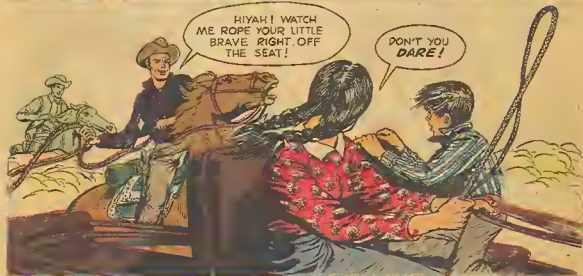
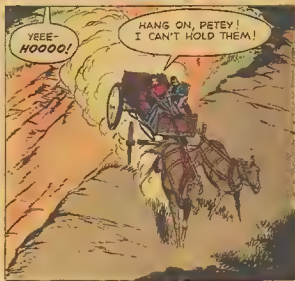
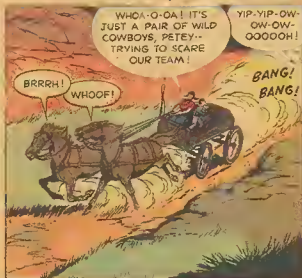


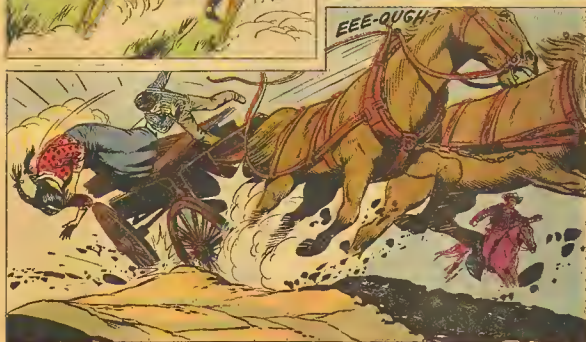
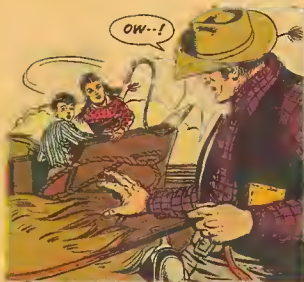
BANG!
BANG!
TI-YI-YI!
YEE-HOO!

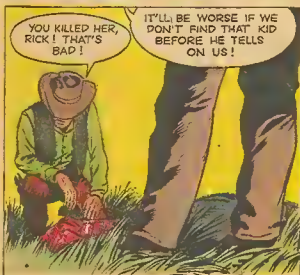
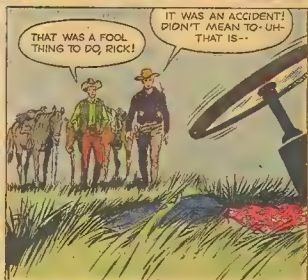
MOTHER! WHAT
DO THEY
WANT?

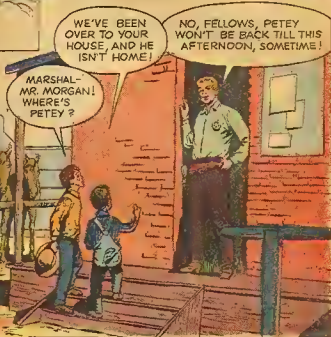
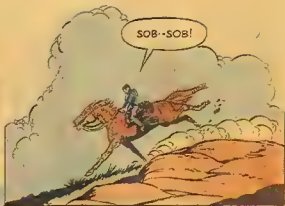
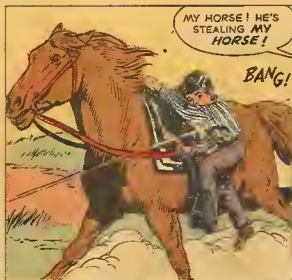


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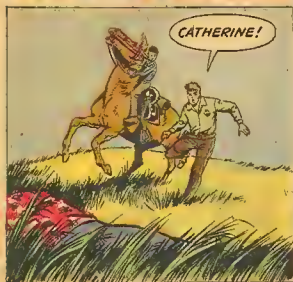
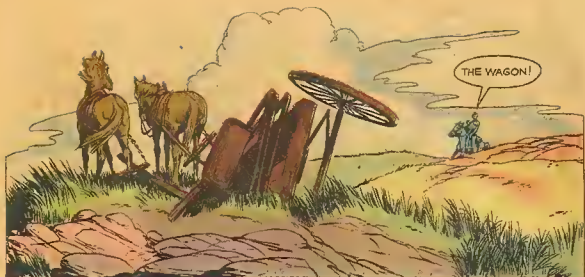




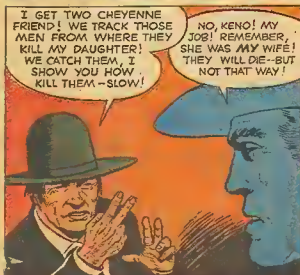
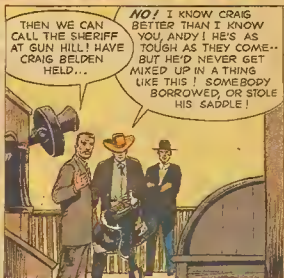
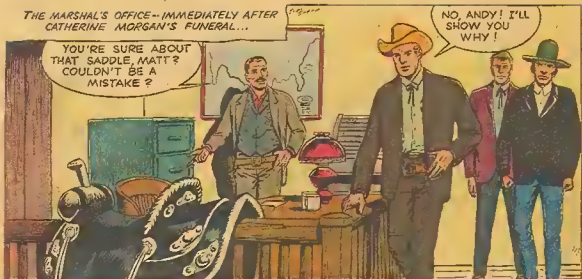








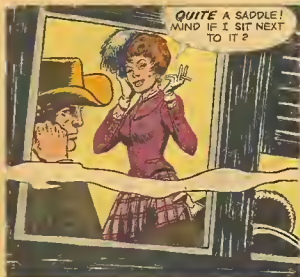
THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--IMMEDIATELY AFTER
CATHERINE MORGAN'S FUNERAL...





THROUGH A PALE SEA OF MOONLIT OKLAHOMA GRASS, THE BOB-TAILED NIGHT TRAIN FROM PAWLEY FOLLOWS THE SILVER RAILS.

HIS THOUGHTS RANGING THE PAST-- MATT MORGAN IS NOT AWARE OF THE SCENERY OR OF THE REEKING, SHADOWY INTERIOR OF THE SMOKING CAR.



QUITE A SADDLE! MIND IF I SIT NEXT TO IT?



WOULD YOU GIVE ME A LIGHT- PLEASE?

UH-WHAT?



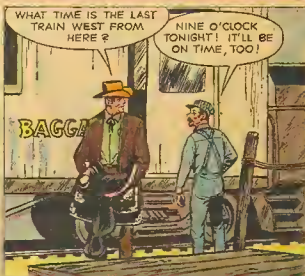
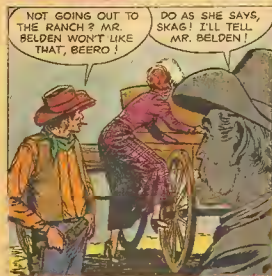
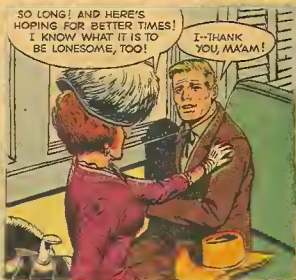
THANKS! HOW FAR ARE YOU TRAVELING MISTER?

GUN HILL!



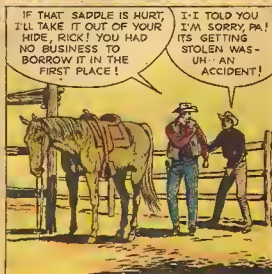
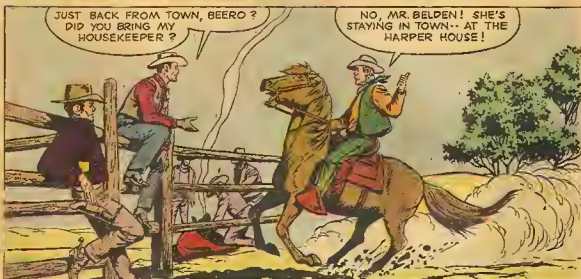
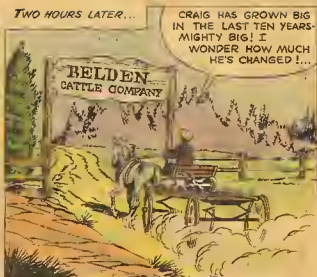
I CAN READ A LOT IN A FACE! YOU'RE MARRIED-- WITH KIDS, PROBABLY... AND RESPONSIBILITIES! WHATEVER IS WAITING FOR YOU-- AT GUN HILL-- YOU DON'T LIKE IT! AND YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING-- DO YOU?

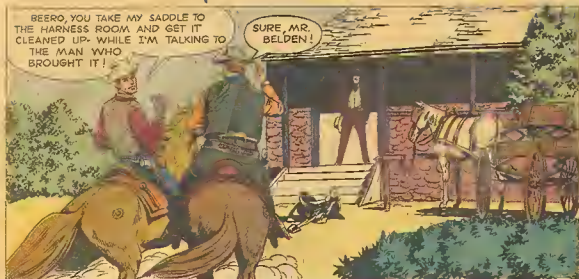
NO!

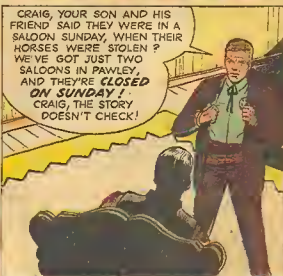
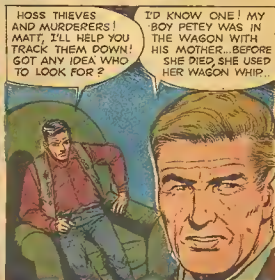
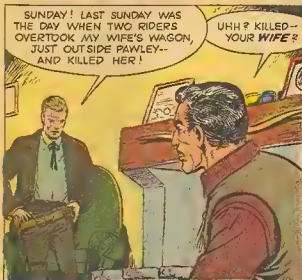
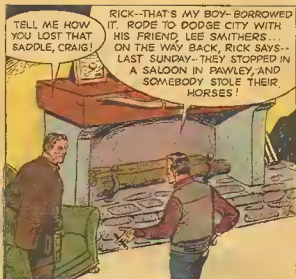


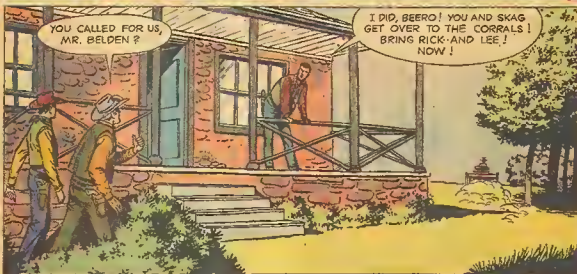


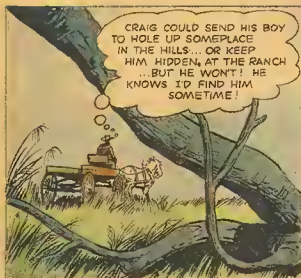
TWO HOURS LATER...



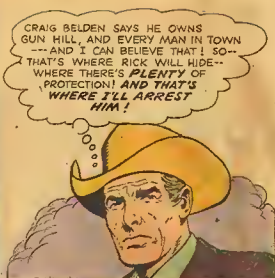






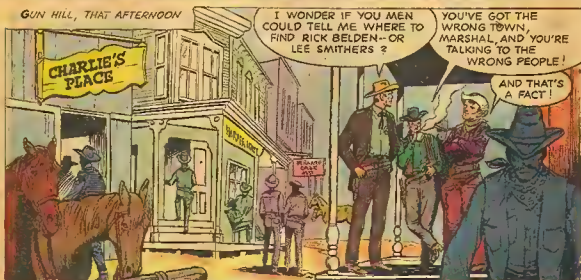


CRAIG COULD SEND HIS BOY TO HOLE UP SOMEPLACE IN THE HILLS... OR KEEP HIM HIDDEN AT THE RANCH... BUT HE WON'T! HE KNOWS I'D FIND HIM SOMETIME!



CRAIG BELDEN SAYS HE OWNS GUN HILL, AND EVERY MAN IN TOWN --- AND I CAN BELIEVE THAT! SO--- THAT'S WHERE RICK WILL HIDE-- WHERE THERE'S **PLENTEY** OF PROTECTION! **AND THAT'S WHERE I'LL ARREST HIM!**

GUN HILL, THAT AFTERNOON



I WONDER IF YOU MEN COULD TELL ME WHERE TO FIND RICK BELDEN--OR LEE SMITHERS?

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG TOWN, MARSHAL, AND YOU'RE TALKING TO THE WRONG PEOPLE!

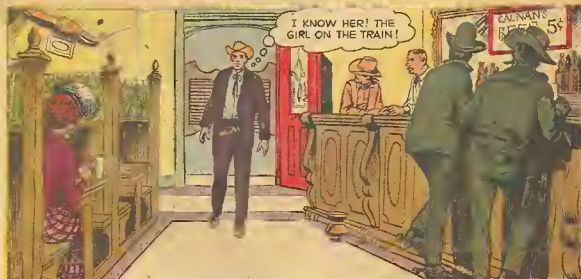
AND THAT'S A FACT!



HEAD BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM OR I'LL---



LOCK!



I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND YOU, LINDA! MIND TELLING ME WHAT CRAIG BELDEN OFFERED YOU?

A JOB AS HOUSEKEEPER! I TOOK IT--AND SWALLOWED HIS HINTS THAT SOME TIME HE MIGHT MAKE ME MRS. BELDEN! I THOUGHT HE REALLY CARED--TILL THE DAY SOMETHING MADE HIM MAD AND HE SHAMED ME BEFORE HIS CREW!

THE ONLY THING CRAIG EVER LOVED IS THAT SPOILED ROTTEN SON OF HIS! AND THE ONLY ONES WHO EVER BUCKED HIS BIGNESS ARE DEAD! THAT'S WHY--I'M WISHING YOU LUCK!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND HIM-- RICK BELDEN?



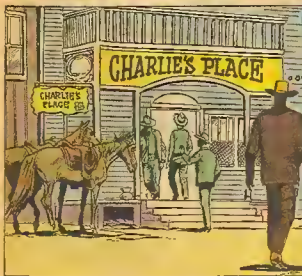
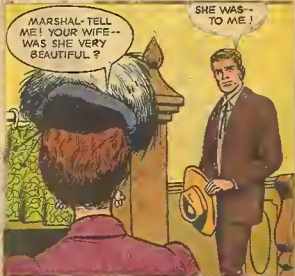
I KNOW WHERE I'D LOOK-- IN CHARLIE'S PLACE, ACROSS THE STREET! BUT YOU'D BE WISER TO TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN OUT, INSTEAD, MARSHAL! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE TOWN!

THANKS! WHATEVER TRAIN I TAKE, THOSE MURDERERS WILL BE ON IT!



MARSHAL-- TELL ME! YOUR WIFE-- WAS SHE VERY BEAUTIFUL?

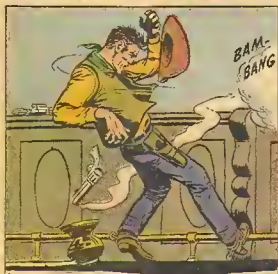
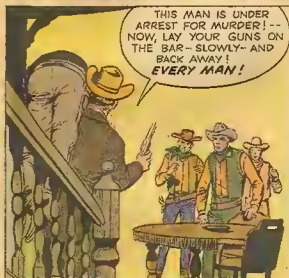
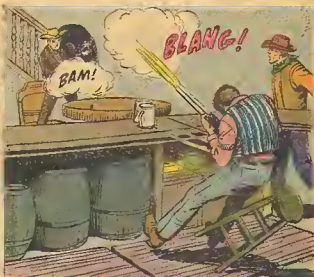
SHE WAS-- TO ME!

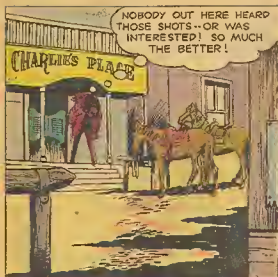


IF LINDA IS RIGHT--AND I WALKED IN THE FRONT, I'D ONLY RUN INTO A BUNCH OF GUNS!



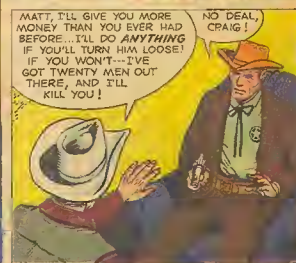
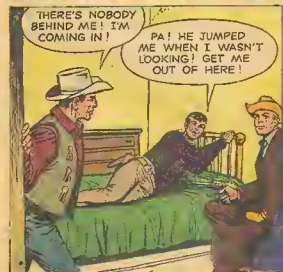
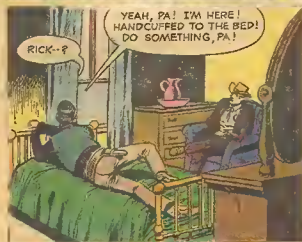
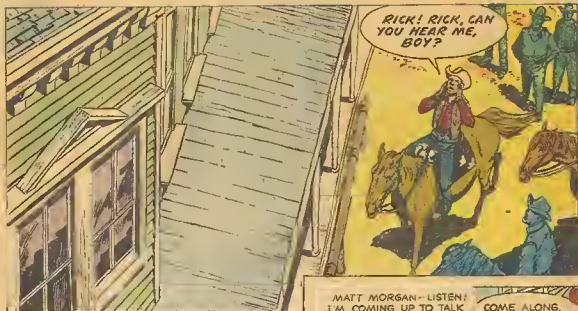


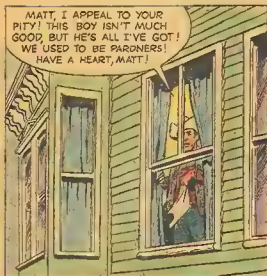




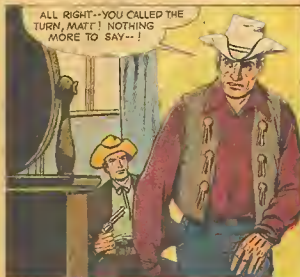
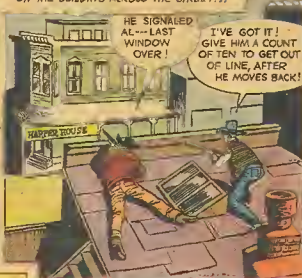
JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN, BELDEN AND HIS RANCH CREW HIT TOWN, WARNED BY TELEPHONE.







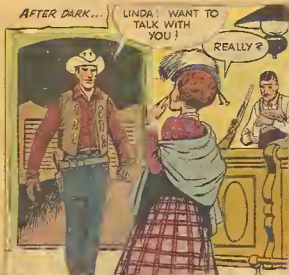
ON THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!



AFTER DARK...

LINDA! WANT TO TALK WITH YOU!

REALLY?



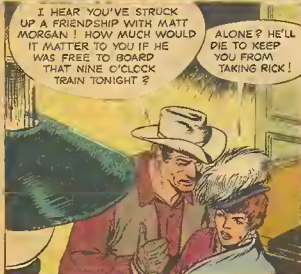
ABOUT WHAT, MR. BELDEN? WE'VE GOT NOTHING IN COMMON!

SHUT UP! BARTENDER-- THIS IS PRIVATE!



I HEAR YOU'VE STRUCK UP A FRIENDSHIP WITH MATT MORGAN! HOW MUCH WOULD IT MATTER TO YOU IF HE WAS FREE TO BOARD THAT NINE O'CLOCK TRAIN TONIGHT?

ALONE? HE'LL DIE TO KEEP YOU FROM TAKING RICK!



IF YOU'LL HELP ME, WE CAN SEPARATE THEM-- WITHOUT DANGER TO MATT MORGAN! LISTEN! YOUR ROOM IS DOWN THE HALL FROM HIS--I FOUND THAT OUT!

SO--?



GO UP AND TALK WITH MATT! GET HIM INTO YOUR ROOM--ON ANY EXCUSE--- AND MAKE SOME SIGNAL WITH THE LAMP! MY BOYS WILL BE UP THE STAIRS AND CARRY RICK OUT, BED AND ALL!

IF THAT WORKS,

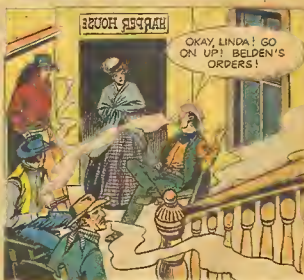
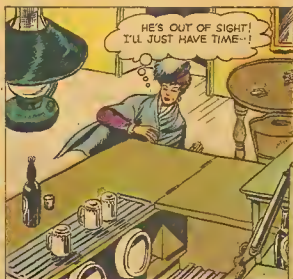
I GUARANTEE MORGAN CAN BOARD THE TRAIN WITHOUT A FIGHT!



GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES TO TELL THE BOYS, LINDA!

ALL RIGHT!







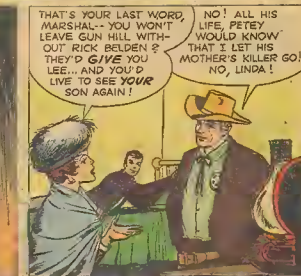
NO LAWMAN IS
GOING TO TAKE LEE
SMITHERS IN--



--OR RICK, EITHER!
NOT WHILE THERE'S
KEROSENE--



--OR A MATCH
TO LIGHT IT!



THAT'S YOUR LAST WORD,
MARSHAL-- YOU WON'T
LEAVE GUN HILL WITH-
OUT RICK BELDEN? THEY'D **GIVE** YOU
LEE... AND YOU'D
LIVE TO SEE **YOUR**
SON AGAIN!

NO! ALL HIS
LIFE, PETEY
WOULD KNOW
THAT I LET HIS
MOTHER'S KILLER GO!
NO, LINDA!



THEN TAKE **THIS!**
IT JUST **MIGHT**
GIVE YOU A
CHANCE!

THANKS!
I'LL NEED
IT!

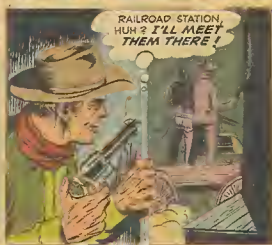
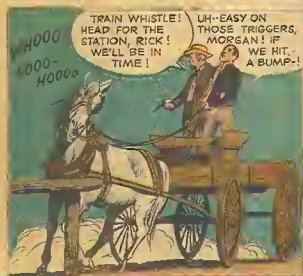
YOU-YOU
SNEAKING
TRAITOR,
LINDA!

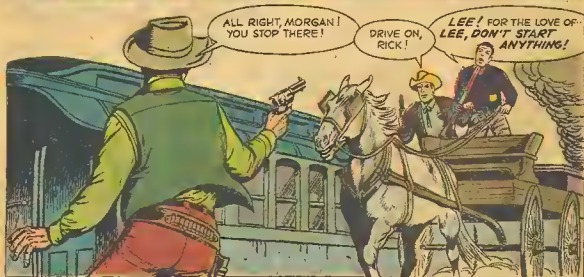


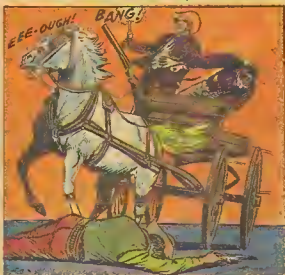
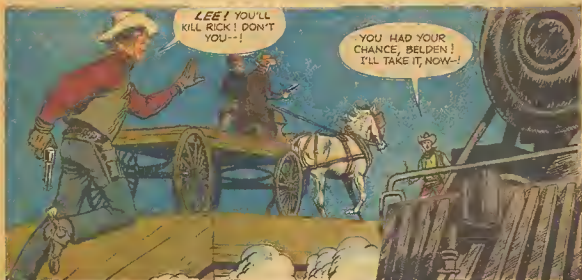
THAT (SNIFF!)--
THAT'S **SMOKE!**
FIRE!

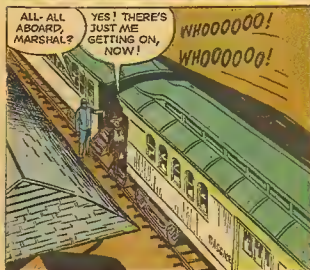
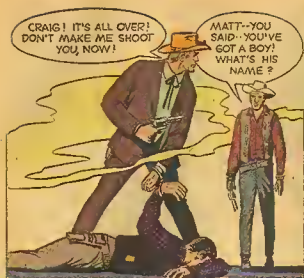
KEROSENE FIRE, I'D
GUESS! GET OUT OF
HERE QUICK, GIRL!











A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

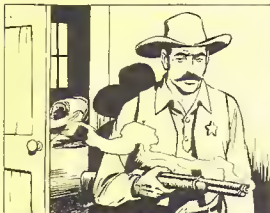


THE WEST'S IRON MEN



THE EARLY WEST NEVER LACKED A SMALL, COURAGEOUS BAND OF MEN WHO WERE DETERMINED TO UPHOLD LAW AND ORDER, WHATEVER THE ODDS. LAWMEN LIKE WYATT EARP, BAT MASTERSON, PAT GARRETT AND WILD BILL HICKOCK BECAME LEGENDS IN THEIR OWN LIFETIMES.

LIVING FROM ONE DANGEROUS MOMENT TO ANOTHER, LAWMEN SOMETIMES PLAYED PRACTICAL JOSES FOR RELAXATION. WYATT EARP, FOR EXAMPLE, ENJOYED PERSUADING A NERVOUS TENDERFOOT TO ADDRESS A HURRAHING COWBOY AUDIENCE... AND LAUGHED HEARTILY WHEN THE ANGRY STRANGER TOOK THE NEXT TRAIN OUT OF TOWN.



ENFORCING THE LAW FREQUENTLY HAD ITS TRAGIC SIDE. WHEN SHERIFF PAT GARRETT SHOT IT OUT WITH BILLY THE KID, HE REALIZED HE'D NOT ONLY METED OUT JUSTICE TO A KILLER... BUT HAD ALSO TAKEN THE LIFE OF A FRIEND.

WHILE SOME LAWMEN WORE A TIN BADGE AS LONG AS THEY LIVED, OTHERS, LIKE BAT MASTERSON, LEFT THE WEST IN LATER LIFE, AND EMBARKED ON NEW CAREERS IN THE EAST. AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, BAT BECAME A WELL KNOWN FIGURE IN NEW YORK CITY'S SPORTS WORLD.



OTHERS, LIKE WILD BILL HICKOCK DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON. IRONICALLY ENOUGH, WILD BILL'S DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A COWARDLY ASSASSIN CAUSED A POKER COMBINATION OF ACES AND EIGHTS TO BE UNIVERSALLY DESCRIBED AS A 'DEAD MAN'S HAND.'



UNFAMILIAR WITH MODERN CRIME TECHNIQUES, LAWMEN OF THE EARLY WEST NEVERTHELESS MANAGED TO 'GET THEIR MAN.' THEIR DEEDS INSPIRE TODAY'S POLICE WHO REALIZE A STUBBORN COURAGE IS STILL A VITAL PART OF EFFECTIVE LAW ENFORCEMENT.



They gave Marshal
Matt Morgan a choice:
leave town alone or die!

But the Marshal
was determined to take his
prisoner aboard the
evening train and was
ready to pay for
an extra ticket...
in silver or in lead!

